

THE DREADFUL APPARITION; OR, The POPE Haunted with Ghosts.

In Relation to Sir Edmundbury-Godfrey's Murther, and the Visitations of the late Sainted Traytors, who Suffered for The Romish-Cause.
The Figure being by the Verses at large Explained.



NUNCIO.

Horrors and Death! what dismal Sights invade
His Nightly Slumbers, who in Blood does Trade.
The Ghostly Apparitions of the Dead;
The Bless'd by Angels, Dam'd by Demons Lead:
'Tis sure, Romes Conclave must Amazed stand,
When Souls Complaining, thus against them band;
Who All but One to please Ambitious ROME,
Have Gain'd Damnation for Their Final DOOM.
Hear how They Curse Him all, but He who fell
Great Britains Sacrifice by Imps of Hell;
Who shew'd Their Bloody Vengeance in the Strife,
To Murther Him, who Business had for Life.

1. POPE.

How do my Eye-Balls Roul, and Blood run back,
What Tortures at this sight my Conscience Rack;
Oh! Mountains now fall on me, some Deep Cave
Pitty me once, and prove my Speedy Grave,
Involv'd in Darkness from the Seated Light,
Let Me abscond in Everlasting Night.
Torment me not, you Shades, before my time,
I do confess your Downfalls was my Crime;
To Satiare my Ambition and Revenge,
I push'd you on to this Immortal Change.
But, Ah! fresh Horrors, Ah! my Pow'r's grown weak,
What art thou Fiend? from whence? or where? O Speak;
That in this Frightful Form, a Dragon's hew
Presents One Sainted, to my Trembling View?

2. FIEND.

By Hells Grim KING's Command, on whom I wait,
I've brought your Saint his Story to relate;
Who from the black Tartarian-Fire below,
So long beg'd Absence as to let you know
His Torments, and the Horrid Cheat condole,
You fix'd on him to Rob him of his Soul.

POPE.

Oh! spare my Ears, Pity no such Horrors hear;

3. COLEMAN.

You must, and know your own Damnation's near;
You must e're long be Plung'd in Grizzly Flame,
Which I shall Laugh to see, tho' rack'd with pain.

Thou Grand Deceiver of the Nations All,
Contriver of my Wretched Fate and Fall:
Thou who didst push me on to Murther Kings,
Persuading me for it on Angels Wings
I should Transcend the Clouds, be ever Bless'd,
And be of All that Heaven cou'd yield, possess'd,
But these I mist, got Torment without Rest:
For whilst on Earth I stand, a Hell within
Distracts my Conscience, pale with horrid Sin:
Instead of Mortals Pardon, One on High,
I must your Everlasting Martyr Fry;
Whilst Name of Saints I bear on Earth, below
It stirs the Flames, and much Augments my Woe.

POPE.

Horrors! 'tis Dismal, I can bear no more,
O! Hell and Furies, how I have lost my Pow'r.

4. Sir E. GODFREY.

SEE Sir this Crimson Stain, this baleful Wound
See Murther'd me, with Joys Eternal Crown'd;
Though by the Darkest Deed of Night I fell,
Which shook Three Kingdoms, and Astonish'd Hell:
Yet rap'd above the Skyes to Mansion bright,
There to converse with Everlasting Light;
Thence got I leave to View thy Wretched Face,
And find my Death thy Hell-born PLOTS did race,
And next to the Almighty Arm did Save
Great Albion's Glory from its yawning Grave;
From Sacred Bliss my swift-Wing'd Soul did glide,
Conducted Hither by my Angel-Guide,
To let thee know thy Sands are almost run,
And that thy Thread of Life is well-nigh Spun;
Repent you then, Wash off the Bloody Stain,
Or You'll be Doom'd to Everlasting Pain.

5. ANGEL.

Come Worthy of Seraphick Joys Above,
Worthy Our Converse, and Our Sacred Love;
Who hast Implor'd the Great Jehove for One
Who Shed thy Blood, to Snatch thy Princes Throne,
In this thy Saviour's Great Examples shown:
Come let Us hence, and leave Him to his Fate,
When Divine Vengeance shall the Business State.

POPE.

Chill Horror seizes me, I cannot flye;
Oh Ghastly! yet more Apparitions nigh?

6. WHITEBREAD.

Thus wandering through the Gloomy Shades, at last
I've found Thee, Traytor, that my Joys did Blast,
Whose Dam'd Injunctions, Dire Damnations Seal'd,
And Torments that were never yet Reveal'd:
Mirrihords of Plagues, Chains, Racks, Tempestuous Fire,
Sulpherian Lakes that Burn and ne'r Expire,
Deformed Demons, Uglier far than Hell,
The Half what We Endure, no Tongue can Tell;
This for a Bishoprick I Undergo,
But Now would give Earths Empire wer't not so.

POPE.

Retire, good Ghosts, or I shall Dye with Fear,

7. HARCOURT.

Nay stay Sir, first You must my Story Hear:
How cou'd you thus Delude your Bosome-Friend?
Your Foes to Heaven, and Us to Hell thus send;
Damnation seize You for't, e're long You'll be
Plung'd Headlong into vast Eternity;
There for to Howl, whilst We some Comfort gain,
To see You welte in an Endless Pain,
And without Pity, justly there Complain.

POPE.

Ho! Cardinals and Bishops hast with speed,
Bell, Book, and Candle fetch, let me be free'd:
Ah! 'tis too late, by Fear Intranc'd I lye,

8. BISHOP.

Heard you that Goan? with speed from hence let's flye.

9. CARDINAL.

The Fiend has got Him, doubtless, let's away,
And in this Ghastly place no longer stay.

BISHOP.

Dread Horrors cease me, Fly, for Mercy call,
Least Divine Vengeance over-whelm US ALL.

F I N I S.

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